THE

WORKS

OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

HIS LIFE, BY G. GREGORY, D. D.

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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intimate acquaintance and friends, nor to procure for him the comforts or even the necessaries of life. He has descended to his grave with a dubious character; and the only praise which can be accorded him by the warmest of his admirers, is that of an elegant and ingenious impostor.

And you will demand to be
now a Learned & Stupid
Editor — an Impostor! —
Did he impose Poems on the World
which were not his own? — did
he delude innocence, or deprive
Men of their property or character?
No — but he imposed Poems on
the World which were his own
and Rare! — only this? he was some
degree honourably indifferent to
vain gratifications of adding for
personal flattery — Chatterton does
not deserve the appellation of an
Impostor — and he would no
stigmatize his Genius after reading
his Essays, is left to be despised
for want of Taste, than hooted at
for want of comprehension —
or misunderstanding

END OF THE LIFE.

SLY DICK.

From a copy in the hand writing of Sir Herbert Croft, in the volume of Chatterton's works purchased by Mr. Waldron at the sale of Sir Herbert's Library. He says "this was written by Chatterton at about eleven: as well as the following Hymn."

Sharp was the frost, the wind was high
And sparkling Stars bedeckt the Sky,
Sly Dick in arts of cunning skill'd,
Whose Rapine all his pockets fill'd,
Had laid him down to take his rest
And soothe with sleep his anxious breast.
Twas thus a dark infernal sprite
A native of the blackest Night,
Portending mischief to devise
Upon Sly Dick he cast his eyes;
Then strait descends the infernal sprite,
And in his chamber does alight:
In visions he before him stands,—
And his attention he commands.

Chatterton with a ministering angel be
When thou dost howling" — & Lord
grant I may die there ——————